

COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Columbia Library Columns

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I Remember Father

Some Reminiscences of John Masefield

JUDITH MASEFIELD

MY father loved children, and usually they behaved well in his presence. There was one notable exception, however. On a hot summer's day when I was four years old, I was given the hose to water our small garden at Maida Hill, near Paddington. I watered everything, and water trickled from between my bare toes. Father was coming towards me and an idea struck me; I pointed the hose straight at him and he was soaked within seconds. I turned my eyes to Heaven and proclaimed it an accident, but my parents unhappily decided otherwise. It was worth it, though, for I carry a coloured picture always with me. I see his handsome bronzed face looking rather surprised as the water cascaded down on him.

Father resolutely refused to play with dolls, but we had high adventure with my teddy-bears, called Edward, Bruno Buffkins and Robin. He made Edward soldiers' jackets piped in white, blue trousers with a scarlet stripe, and a cocked hat, and Edward carried a sword, a water bottle, and a folded blanket. My father constructed a complete camping equipment, with hammocks that slung up and down and tents that folded up and were carried in the Travel Waggon drawn by the spotted string-tailed horse Gillian. We had a cooking stove heated by methylated spirit, and I cooked a sort of mess studded in currants in a fry pan.

When I was five, father got an orange box, fixed it on wheels, added a mast at one end with sails that furled, and I pushed myself along on two poles.

Opposite: John Masefield at his home near Abingdon in 1950.

Later, he read to me *Treasure Island* and *Coral Island* and many other exciting books. He told me stories of his own. He said once, later on, "had I put my stories on a tape recorder, we would be sailing round the world in our yacht!"



Photograph taken in the summer of 1924 of Saint Michael's Mount on the southern coast of England with the Masefield family in the foreground; from the diary kept by the poet's son Lewis.

He taught me knots and plaits, and how to splice rope, and how to mend his bicycle. In the first war he gave me his precious knife to guard for him. When at the end of the war he returned and said, "Can I have my knife?", I handed it over tearfully. But in his other hand he held a brand new knife on a spliced lanyard, and it had a pick to take the stones from a horse's hooves; we hunted Hampstead hand in hand to find a horse in need, but never found one. I have his knife to this day, worn to the bare bones and shining silver.

Among our happiest holidays were those in Cushundun, County Antrim. We stayed at a house a stone's throw from the sea with a ruined round tower in the garden. A fisherman maintained that the legend of my father's poem "Cap on Head" took place there.

I was grubbing about in the fallen stones one day, when I felt that someone stood behind me. I turned to see in a split second a chieftain in a blue cloak, bearded and with heavy earrings. It was a blue

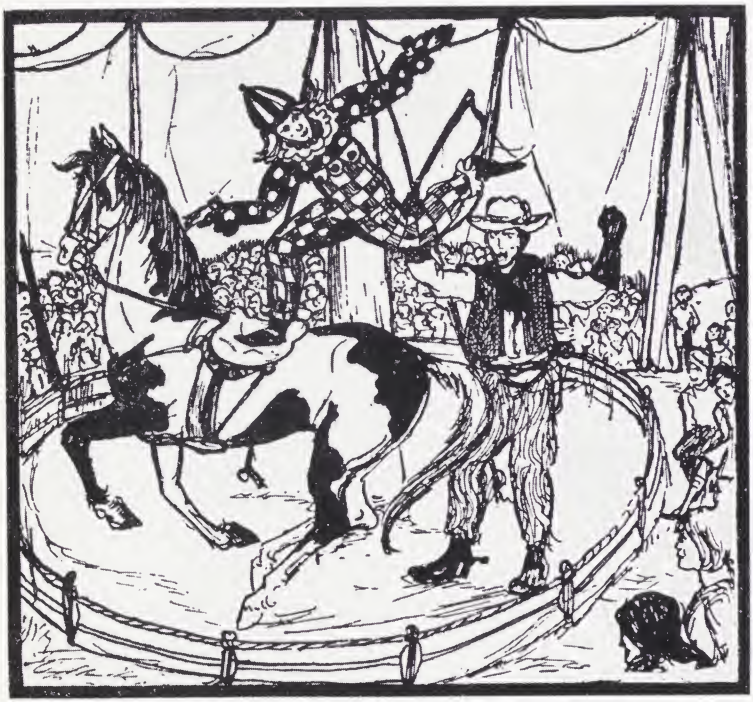


Illustration by Judith Masefield in her father's 1921 volume of poetry *King Cole*.

that I can never forget, kingfisher blue, June-sky blue, the blue of Mary's cloak. He vanished into nothingness and I went on digging.

We went swimming in a rocky inlet called the Cove and I saw a sea anemone give birth to a myriad little red sparks of jelly, a sight one might wait a long time to see. My mother swam out to a rock, wearing a white bathing-cap, and a bullet whizzed by her cheek. The gunman said apologetically after, "And indeed it was a sitting saygull I thought to be shooting to sleep."

On a red-letter day that I shall never forget, we took John and

Ada Galsworthy to Hodginny's Matchless Circus at Cushundall, riding on a jaunting car. There had been a thunderstorm and the circus-hands were laying hurdles piled with straw for the audience to walk dry-shod to the tent. I carried a big bag of broken bread with which we fed the horses in the field. It was a thrilling show with Buffalo Bill, cowboys, knife-throwing, trick-shooting and a spine-chilling play at which a ghost appeared and said "Good evening" in a sepulchral voice just as the hero in a night-shirt and cap tried to compose himself to sleep. Father was moved to the core and said he was going to join the circus, go on tour and give an act of story-telling. He went to the leading cowboy's van to put forward his proposal, but when we got home to Cushundun a wire awaited us and the post-mistress said it heralded sensational news. A builder doing a small alteration to our London house said that he was taking out our pipes because they were rusted through, and no cook could hope to keep alive with such danger in the kitchen. Father was furious and sent a costly telegram to say that every pipe was to be put back, and we returned at once.

Some more memories of Irish holidays. When we climbed the Fairy Mount at Tiveragh I got chased down the mountainside by a very determined black bull and never ran more quickly in my life. My father collected elf-darts, as the folk called them; these are little chip flints of the Stone Age, thought to be made by the fairies.

One day we wormed our way inside a prehistoric souterrain. It was a beehive hut made of overlapping stones beautifully fitted together, with a small opening at the top for smoke. You enter by a hole as large as a fox's earth; after battling forward on your stomach it grows wider and you can crawl and then emerge into the simmering darkness and stand upright. Father sifted through the grains of charcoal in the hearth-stone and found a tiny chip-stone; it was probably the Bronze Age man's last dinner.

When we stayed in a strange lonely house miles from anywhere in the north of Donegal, we all got the "chin-cough" and a ghoul-

ish black-shawled woman told us she had lost three of her own children from the same complaint. A doctor who drove twenty miles to treat us gave me the medicine for the cow by mistake and I was badly burned. We returned home with the utmost speed



Father and daughter at their home at Boars Hill, Oxford, in 1930.

travelling in solitary state as if we were royalty, and people fled before us at the sound of our whooping.

We also went on holidays abroad. On a wondrous visit to Mycenae, father kept stepping around, as he said, for the chariots to pass. He picked up a pocketful of fractured pottery, and stared long at the Lion Gate as if the gold plating lay still upon it. At Pompeii the guide urged father to see the improper frescoes, for an enormous tip. He offered half and was only shown a smattering. Father said they were very disappointing and that he preferred what the butler winked at on Margate pier.

We also had holidays in Palestine, Spain, France and Egypt. "Egypt for health, my elbow," my father said, as he got a bad throat from the dust of the desert, but he was greatly impressed all the same. He derived great pleasure from visiting not only beauty spots and noble ruins but also the races.

In a Geneva music hall the "lightning" artist chose my father to model with a three minute likeness. It was his spitten image, and we won great applause. Father loved folk dancing and was very nimble on his toes, and wherever we were we went on our bicycles to every demonstration within reach. He rode and walked so swiftly that I had a hard task to keep up, but hid my exhaustion as best I might, as he hated weakness.

Here are a few stray remarks that I think are to the point. His mind was always on the ball. When Russia was invaded he said, "He's made his first mistake. Now I know we will win." An Oxford don asked him, "How long do you give Hitler?" "But it's not for me to give!"

A judge asked him, "What would you do to the boy who pushed his mother over the edge of the quarry in her wheel-chair?" "I would need to have seen mama first, before pronouncing judgement."

About a famous beauty, "Beautiful? I would call her a violin-cello tied in the middle."

A botanist told him that lettuce is one of the most ancient plants that now exists. "I do hope God the Father enjoyed a cool salad with Adam and Eve before the Split."

A countryman, complaining of schoolboys' bad behaviour, said, "They says, sir, that their master weren't there."

"That might be taken as an excuse for every sin since the Fall."

My father was a dual person, ruthless and cruel at times, and at others filled with a disarming sweetness that made one weep. When I lay in hospital awaiting an operation and was exceedingly depressed, he hobbled along on his poor bad leg (that he was strictly forbidden to move) to ring me up, the night before, to give me courage. I remember him saying, "I hope I may ever remember kindness done, looking *up* or *down* as the case may be!"

Touring the Lakes and Scotland in 1857

COLEMAN O. PARSONS

ONE day in the summer of 1974 I was at Home Farm in Oxfordshire inspecting an almost complete collection of William Morris rarities, every item beyond my reach and, as I comforted myself, out of my collecting range anyway. Then, my genial and learned host, the rare book dealer Colin Franklin, brought forth a green morocco volume, gilt-edged and gold stamped, labeled on the spine *Northern Tour 1857*. Measuring 9 x 11 1/4 inches, it contained 126 leaves with ornamental printed borders and an exciting range of versified matter, mostly rhymed couplets written in an amateur calligrapher's hand, as well as original pen drawings and tipped-in-engravings of English towns and landscapes from drawings by Thomas Allom.

"An Excursion to the English Lakes," the opening narrative poem, had twenty-five leaves on which are chronicled the Lakes tour, ending whimsically in Aberdeen. The poem, enriched at the beginning and end by leaves of merry thoughts "Donne 1859," included: a pasted in photograph of "The Major," showing white moustaches and whiskers, mid-lip and chin clean shaven, of which more hereafter; and a section titled "Private Views of Public Grounds," embellished with an original drawing of a cottage in Keswick "Sketched by E. I. Powell 1857," sole indication of possible authorship. The second part, "Scottish Tour 1857," had the greater amplitude of sixty leaves, followed by more drawings and elaborate prose "Notes." I acquired the volume from Mr. Franklin, and it has now joined the Rare Book and Manuscript Library's growing Scottish Collection.

Keeping diaries had long been an English addiction. In his *British Manuscript Diaries of the Nineteenth Century*, which incidentaly does not list the *Northern Tour*, John Stuart Batts includes a Commander George Eyre Powell (1790–1855) who filled

several diaries, his wife Catherine, his daughters Laura and Delia and his son George Eyre, who died at age sixteen—all busy diarists, too. How convenient it would be if E. I. Powell were related to the Commander, but the title "Major" was a family joke based on



"The Major," the author and illustrator of the manuscript of the *Northern Tour*, is believed to be E. I. Powell.

his not shaving his upper lip during the tour, in the manner of a Horse Guard. While identifying himself as a Cambrian, "from fam'd 'Ap Howell,' descendant," the volatile Major rhapsodizes on arriving at the Black Swan within the "venerable walls" of York. Among "haunts of early life,"

> . . . he felt *at home*, at ease;—this house for years had been,
> At stated periods; of many joyous social hours, the scene;

Old friends, the best, most worthy, generous, noble hearted,
He met here: Alas! now few remain. . . .

We do know for certain from the opening lines of the poem that the fun-loving and indulgent Major turned his back on France, Switzerland, Italy, and adopted instead his wife's and daughter's "scheme" to see the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom, whose three acre palace had been opened in Manchester on May 5, 1857, by Prince Albert. So off they went by rail, put up at the Hotel Palatine, and briefly enjoyed the wonders of the "cotton hive" city. Eager to reach the Lake District, they were on the move next day to Furness Abbey, whose ruins they dutifully sketched, and to a week's stay at Ambleside. Using Mistress Mason's "accomodation good," they saw "the beauties of the Lakes, sailing on Windermere" and doing the land on horse and foot. Venturing close to Airy Force and other waterfalls or ascending "the wooded height," they once "lost the track" on a mountainside and had to be rescued by "a Shepherd guide." There were pleasant distractions of rush-bearing children at Grasmere, "divers sports" on Regatta Day, but

> Be sure we ne'er omit to see famed "Rydal fall"
> Or at "the Mount,"—the house of Wordsworth call,
> Where, softly sigh, all ladies, the loss they so regret,
> Of "Poet Laureate" their own, dear, darling pet;

Such irreverence was temporary. The Powells were charmed by "Greta's verdant banks, / Poet Southey's hall"; they climbed "the mighty Skiddaw" and wondered at "The Cataract of Lodore" celebrated by Southey. Poets often sharpen the Major's sensibilities as when the line from Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*, "Who think it solitude, to be alone," is diffused by our poet into "To be alone's not solitude; nor is it loneliness." More characteristic were the "jest & quirks" along the way as they rode out of Keswick, sketching rivers, falls, ruins and feeling nervous on a narrow, tortuous road as their driver "chatters to his steeds."



An engraving of Scale Force, Cumberland, from a drawing by Thomas Allom; one of the numerous landscape engravings tipped in the manuscript.

But "we'd, no time to tarry." The impatient Powells emerged from the lakes and slender vales of Cumberland by train to Carlisle, so bothered by luggage and tickets that they had no time for lunch. Entering Scotland aroused southron prejudice and quickened observation. The monuments everywhere in the capital "to men of all degrees" made the father huffy: "I cannot love the Scottish nation . . . much given to self laudation." His party inspected seventeen apartments in Edinburgh before choosing one not "quite devoid of dirt" in York Place. Later on, unexcised whisky brought them out of depressions induced by Highland "kale pot,/ Teeming with broth, mince, haggas, crowdy, stir about," topped with "their atrocious bread, / More sour than verjuice;—heavier than lead." Predatory landlords and brazen pontage enraged the Major, and he was also irked by Glasgow excursionists, their noise, their numbers, and their sentimental vulgarity.

Much needed dating comes at last in the Powells' visit to Dalkeith Palace, Midlothian, on the Marquess of Lothian's twenty-fifth birthday and wedding day, the ceremony of which took place in Staffordshire. This was August 12, 1857. They saw "gloomy caves" on the Esk and Roslin's "gothick Chapel" at the time the "pretty, lively" Queen of Holland, Sophia Frederica Mathilda, was on tour with a "gay and brilliant party." Back in Edinburgh they traveled by rail to Perth, gateway to tourist country. After a night at the George Hotel, which "our blessed Queen stopt at," "Away! away! to bonnie Dundee" and by express to the "granite City" of Aberdeen. Scorn for the arrogant professors was balanced by admiration for the "bare leg'd maids" and lightly clad fisherfolk.

At Banchory station they "beheld much baggage, marked—A. B.," a father and his daughters, Ellen and Annie Bell. These new friends were soon dominated by the "transcendant" Major, who elevated Bell to his own factitious rank. His audience doubled, Powell recited the opening lines of Byron's youthful "Lachin y Gair" and discoursed on Phoenician, Venetian, London, and Scot-

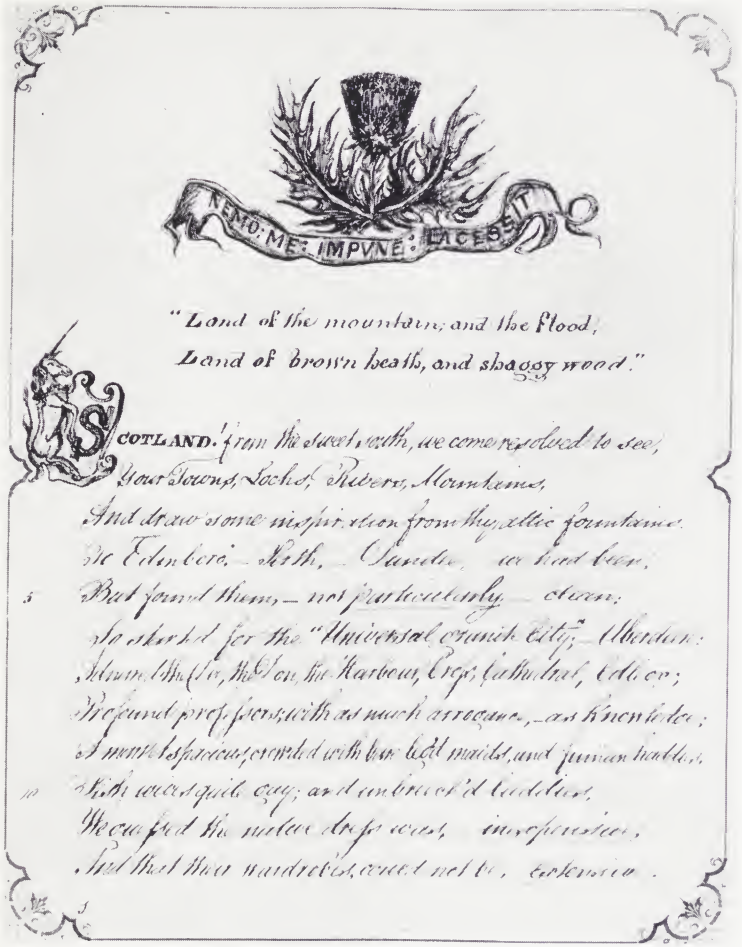
tish merchants. Downpours and strayed carriages hardly set them back. "Yet still we'd fun, and pun, conundrum guessing."

After food and sleep they set out for "the small . . . noble pile" of Balmoral on Prince Albert's birthday (August 28th). In his high spirits Powell waxed Dickensian, recording that at Braemar they were ushered "into a small parlour" by Smuggling Willie, "a small, old, withered serviter, with grizzely brutus [a wig]." The brevet majors grew fonder of their dashy "dear pets," "the cara sposa" and the "fair daughters." Overborne by smoking, liquor-drinking males, "the loves, the doves" slipped away from a cold table of "abhorr'd" pigeon pie to enjoy Stilton cheese and ale by themselves, and planned a trip for all to the "wild pass of Killiecrankie."

At Kenmore landlord MacPherson said, with "most satanic grin, *Oh rest assured!*—you'll all be *taken in*"—as they were. Among the guests were assorted foreigners, "a gay Glasgow party," "two loving turtles" (the bride "was excited,—arose, retired, shaking her crinoline"), and young things "Be-decked, in vulgar finery, [who] shook, the pearl pendants in their tresses, / And sigh'd."

What a contrast "our Girls" displayed. Next morning the Powells and the Bells were invited inside the noble Breadalbane's hall to enjoy the music. "The girls elated, waltz, dance reels, the Lancer's famed Quadrille" until reminded by the Majors that they must pursue their way. And on this "bright . . . glorious day," they "were joyous" until "the black horse has the staggers," his head is seized, the ladies jump out, "the horses back . . . / Down rolls the carriage, 'gainst the large moor stones." While "the driver trembles . . . the Majors by sheer strength" block the wheels, and the two horses are unpoled. Then "Six brawn'y highlanders, the carriage get, upon the road once more." At the next stage, they concocted a mendacious testimonial for the driver.

At Inverarnan, after cups of Bohea for the women and glasses of toddy, the sturdy Majors made them laugh at "the evils, perils" endured and jovially toasted "All friends round Saint Paul's." A



This page from the second part of the *Northern Tour* begins the account of the Powell family's journey through Scotland.

maiden, "in hand a lighted taper," conducted them upstairs. And so to bed.

Sunday morning, finding no local kirk, they accepted flowers as "living preachers" and with Alexander Pope looked "through nature, up to natures God." In a lay temper, Major Bell searched for mosses along their route. Crossing a "bridge of stepping

stones" he got a "dripping." But by five they were "all dress'd" and at the board, presided over by Major Powell, curling his moustaches. Monday, August 31st, Ellen, Annie, and Major Bell reluctantly broke up the chance confederacy by vanishing "into Air, (Ayr)," thereby inspiring a jingling "Lament" of no higher quality than the pun. Virtuosity flowed back with the rhyming of bannock with Rannock (described a generation later in *Kidnapped*) as the Powells dashed through the stark pass of Glencoe among "scenes of Ossian! Macdonald's massacre" to "Dutch William's fort."

Entering the Caledonia Hotel at Fort William, the Londoners were apprised that five hundred tourists had come by steamer to view Britain's highest mountain, Ben Nevis. Then came just another proof that Powell's bearing and cash had authority. The host would resign his own quarters to the ladies, and the Major could have the "house of Holy John." And at Oban, when they learned that "four dozen passengers, or more, each night, / Were houseless," the Powells still managed to be lodged.

All these invaders were draining away the charm of a land sacred to Rob Roy, to William and Dorothy Wordsworth. Loch Katrine's "romantic scenes" had been "desecrated" by the steamer, at whose tying up "touters, coachmen, conductors, cads," shout destinations while porters hurl "Portmantuas, packages & parcels" about.

> . . . Now the spells broken; away!
> All hurry, noise, confusion; rushing like troop of Cossacks,
> On, on the tourists come. . . .

But there were human compensations along the way. The Major's quick eye for womankind kept him alert on each leg of the journey south. There was a Glasgow Writer to the Signet with "his clever, very pretty sisters." Who could ignore Miss Cox, "A lively young brunette, her Pater, ruddy, short and stout . . . / Five Actors, three demoiselle's, of graceful mein & rather pretty." An-

other time Powell observed "a good old Grandshire" and his four orphan granddaughters; Miss Llewellyn, "a prim maid of fifty" preserving her niece; and "a young bride from Bute" whose overfond and "most oppressive" caresses drove her spouse to the roof of the lurching coach. Thus bereft, fearing danger, the "trembling, timid, fright'ned . . . fragile" bride "seized, the Majors hand, / Sighed softly," and—reassured—"squeez'd his hand anew."

But enough of ocular philandering. Wordsworth's lines on the roadside seat, Rest and Be Thankful, made a poet once again of the Major, who wrote of impetuous cataracts and passionate youth before restraining himself: "I'm getting sentimental, it must not be, altho' of tropes I have a hank ful." At Tarbet on Loch Lomond the Powells saw Joseph Noel Paton drawing birches while his sisters sang "to cheer, inspire, his pleasant labor." The artist, Queen Victoria's future Limner for Scotland, showed them his sketch book on the defeat of the royal Norwegian plunderer Haco at Largs. The ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle brought Scone to the Major's occasionally wandering mind, the Stone of Destiny, and his having seen "our lov'd Victoria crown'd, on that stone" at Westminster on June 28th 1838.

From Tarbet the Powells descended by steamer and train on Scotland's largest city. "Loch Katrines pellucid waters" would soon glide "Some fifty miles, and furnish tea and toddy for good folks in Glasgow." Silence about the Queen's officially opening the new waterworks on October 14th, 1859, yields a date before which work on the *Northern Tour* was finished. In the overflowing Queen's Hotel, the Powells had to wait for accommodation. But there was no lack of diversion in the saloon: the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth, Baron Wensleydale, the three gentlemen of the Dutch entourage, two Bavarians, two Swedes, four Yankees, Hamburg merchants, a baillie and his daughter, a Londoner and his spouse, two maiden ladies, the colonel and other officers of the Sixteenth Royal Lancers "En route for India; hoping to reap, laurels, glory; we trust not to be—slaughter'd." The flippant

Major had been offended by the warriors' unpolished manners. Ironically, despite the gruesome toll of the Indian Mutiny, it increased the number of unpublished diaries in 1857.

"Enough of persons." Next morning, astir "before the lark," the Powells bade farewell to their host, James MacGregor, and were on their venturesome way to a "deep chasm . . . huge rocks . . . murky gloom . . . roaring waters" that inspired "horror and awe" before they approached the Falls of the Clyde. Here they strolled along "with pure unmixt delight," responsive to the "turbulent magnificence," the beauty of the leaping, sinuous waters.

Submissive once more to the tyranny of schedules they journeyed by rail in "comfort, speed" to English Carlisle, Newcastle upon Tyne, and Durham. In York the Major, his dame and daughter were warmly greeted by Abraham Braithwaite at the Black Swan Inn. After seeing the usual places, not neglecting the museum which housed the condemned cell of Dick Turpin and Eugene Aram, they returned to No. 32 Coney Street where the innkeeper served up a repast at his own expense, with "some small ovation, Or tribute to the Major." After that send-off, the Powells boarded the express to London.

A mystery hovers over the Major. He drops no real clues, and no quirks of vocabulary betray him. In England he had shown interest in dye, woolen, and pencil works, and in Scotland he had devoted sixteen amused lines to the stock in trade of a general merchant. Powell knew people and places in Britain and was known. Had he traveled earlier as manufacturer, wholesale merchant, or even solicitor? I only know that in the *Northern Tour* he appears as a talented man of leisure, a rhymer, and an artist who could say to his "lovely wife, / 'I'll take some new pencils;—to sketch,—my life.'"

It was probably in 1858 that the Major found time to record the family excursion to the English Lakes and Scotland in the jocose jog trot of his verse. Having ridden his "*Hobby*" just to please his daughter, Powell bids adieu to his "Poor Muse," hoping that a story begun "in fun . . . may please some."

"A Riot of Obscene Wit"

PAUL E. COHEN

"THE other day Huneker came into my office with the ms. of his novel," wrote H. L. Mencken in 1919 about *Painted Veils*, the holograph manuscript of which is now in the Solton and Julia Engel Collection. "The thing turned out to be superb—the best thing he has ever done. But absolutely unprintable. It is not merely ordinarily improper; it is a riot of obscene wit." The novel was the work of James Gibbons Huneker, the well-known journalist and critic who at age sixty-two had written his first full-length work of fiction. "The old boy has put into it every illicit epigram that he has thought of in 40 years," Mencken went on, "and some of them are almost perfect. I yelled over it."

Huneker had actually submitted the novel to him hoping it might be serialized in *Smart Set*, the sophisticated literary journal Mencken edited with George Jean Nathan. However, Mencken exhibited an essentially prudish nature when he found the work too full of "lascivious frills and thrills" for his journal and turned it down with the predicition that the "pornographic novel will never be published." This was 1919, after all, the very year James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen* was barred from bookshops by the New York Society for the Supression of Vice, the same organization which had previously banned Theodore Dreiser's *The Genius*. "If we printed [*Painted Veils*]," Mencken joked, "we'd get at least 40 years."

The publishing problem Huneker had created was probably driven home to him after he read *Jurgen* which he "marvelled over —at the notion of it being obscene." *Painted Veils* is not a bawdy book; it has no coarse or vulgar language and no graphic accounts of carnal pleasures. Nevertheless, it is still possible to understand Mencken's refusal to serialize the book. The characters in the novel make love with frequency—and in a variety of complex

combinations—and epigrammatic comments about sex dominate in such a way that it is possible to lose sight of other elements of the narrative. Huneker considered the work "frankly erotic" and boasted to Mencken: "There are enough happenings to amuse the choicest company at a bordel."

The racy story was set in New York City during the late nineteenth century among the musicians, artists, decadents and dilettantes Huneker had known two or three decades earlier. From all accounts, there could have been no better spokesman for this *fin de siècle* group than Huneker himself who was described by the poet Benjamin De Casseres as "the incarnation of the cultured bohemianism of the glamorous days when the city was young, irresponsible, Dionysian." He had taken the city by storm in the late 1880s, according to Alfred Kazin, "driving a dozen horses and tumbling over between them. He had more energy, knew more people, retailed more gossip, wrote more books, drank more beer, and disseminated more information on the artistic personality than almost any other journalist of his time." Kazin could have added that Heneker had probably had more love affairs than most of his contemporaries as well.

Trained as a musician, first in Philadelphia and later in Paris, Huneker's success in journalism came as a result of his failure to become a piano virtuoso. He turned to writing original and witty articles on music in which he popularized many modern European composers including Richard Strauss. Later he wrote lively essays on drama, art and literature which showed the influence of such authors as Joris Karl Huysmans, Rémy de Gourmont, and Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. These are the writers Huneker had admired in Paris and all of them appear briefly as characters in his *roman à clef*.

Huneker's career as journalist writing for a number of New York dailies is chronicled in *Steeplejack* (1918), an autobiography completed shortly before he began *Painted Veils*. "I would fain be a pianist, a composer of music," the frustrated author forlornly

divulged in these memoirs. "I am neither. Nor a poet. Nor a novelist, actor, playwright. I have written many things from architecture to zoology without grasping their inner substance. I am Jack of the Seven Arts, master of none." Throughout his life, Huneker



James Huneker, ca. 1895.

had proudly called himself a "man-of-letters," a phrase once employed to describe the kind of roving literary journalism he practiced. As academics and specialists started taking over much of this literary writing, "men-of-letters" began to lose their influence and the phrase itself became pejorative. As Huneker approached

sixty, he seemed aware of the changing literary climate which was making his profession obsolete; apparently this realization strengthened his conviction that his own career had been a dismal failure.

He was especially depressed that summer of 1919 when he started his novel. In addition to being disillusioned, he was in dire financial and physical straits, having just returned from the hospital where he had been operated on for the removal of a cyst from his bladder. Furthermore, and perhaps more devastating for the rakish writer, he was now impotent, a condition he had complained to his doctor about as early as 1911. By 1919, he admitted that he had altogether given up what he liked to call "horizontal refreshment": "Fornication is forgotten—and thank the lord." It was in these trying circumstances that Huneker sat down to write the most lurid book of his time—and he wrote it at breakneck speed.

"Ill as I was from bladder trouble—5 months on the water wagon now—I composed and wrote a novel—100,000 words," he told De Casseres. "I wrote it in 7 weeks, less 2 days—wrote it with the tears in my eyes from age; and in revenge" Huneker hoped that his female readers would find the work especially erotic—if not thoroughly arousing. Had Huneker become an "exhibitionist in print?" Was he seeking alternative techniques to stimulate women now that he was "*non compos penis*," as Mencken playfully described the unfortunate condition? Perhaps by writing *Painted Veils* Huneker was simply working out his sexual inadequacies or gratifying some of his needs.

In the novel, Huneker retold the story he had written in his autobiography—but from a different perspective. He claimed that he left out of his memoirs accounts of his love life because "I didn't wish the publishers to go to jail." But in *Painted Veil*s all of the "suppressed complexes" come to the surface: "I've traced a parallel route frankly dealing with sex; also with the development of a young man deracinated because born in Paris and suffering."

That character is Ulrick Invern, " a writer, incidently a critic" who lives ambivalently on the fringes of the artistic world of New York City. He is trapped between the advice of Rémy de Gourmont, who encouraged him in Paris to return to America, and Edgar Saltus, who told him he should have remained in Paris. "Apart from his studies nothing interested [Ulrick] like sex," and much of the novel is about his essentially unfulfilling—though nonetheless intriguing—relationships with three fetching women whom Huneker characterized as "hot and hollow."

Easter Brandes, a narcissistic singer, has the strongest hold on Ulrick, and she is caught early in the book admiring her naked reflection in a mirror: "she bowed low to her image, kicked her right leg on high, turned her comely back, peeped over her shoulder, mockingly stuck out her tongue as she regarded with awe—almost —the delicately modelled buttocks." Ulrick also has a love affair with Mona Milton, a concupiscent woman who "wished that her soul could be like a jungle at night, filled with the cries of monstrous sins." Finally, the young protagonist passes some of his time with Dora, a classy prostitute who is a "treasure-trove for an erotic man."

The central incident of the narrative occurs at a Holy Roller revival in Zaneburg, New Hampshire, where Ulrick and Easter meet for the first time. A Negro preacher named Brother Rainbow presided over this religious gathering which degenerated into an orgy. During the frenzy, the lights go out, and Ulrick and Easter each have sex. Ulrick presumes that his partner had been Easter and as a result he pursues her throughout the book with a stronger passion than he can ever muster for the other women he meets. At the end of the novel, however, he learns the truth about the incident: "In the darkness we all got mixed up," Easter informs him. She had been raped by Brother Rainbow while Ulrick's companion had been the preacher's white assistant, Roarin' Nell.

"The story itself is largely true," Huneker told the incredulous John Quinn, a famous lawyer and collector who called the novel

"Painted Whores." "I know—and knew—[Easter]. She is a composite of—well, I'll tell you some day. Mona is in town today: and the little slut, Dora, still lives and ceased fornication." H. L. Mencken thought he knew the names of two women who may have provided the inspiration for Easter, and he wrote about them to Dr. Fielding Hudson Garrison, a mutual friend and well-known medical historian: "I suspect that Huneker's heroine is chiefly Sibyl Sanderson, with touches of Olive Fremstad. Before the collapse of his glands he was in the intimate confidence of both of them." Mencken was more or less correct, though Mary Garden, Sibyl Sanderson's protégée, was probably a stronger influence than Sanderson's herself. All three were glamorous opera singers whose love affairs sometimes attracted as much attention as their singing. Olive Fremstad, who also provided Willa Cather with the model for the heroine of her *Song of the Lark*, is the only one of the three with whom Huneker was ever linked romantically.

Huneker likened his heroine to the mythological Istar, a Babylonian goddess of sex and war, and patterned the novel on an obscure poem by Epopee d'Izdubar, "Istar's Descent into Hades," from which he quotes the passage entitled "Painted Veils." There Istar travels through seven gates on her way through hell. At each one, she is stripped of an article of clothing until "At the seventh gate, the warder . . . took off the last veil that covers her body." The seven arts which Huneker practiced are represented by the seven veils which symbolically drape the seven sins to which he so often gleefully yielded. The gates of the poem also provided Huneker with the structure for his work which is divided into seven chapters called "gates."

As the characters progress through these gates, hypocrisy is stripped from them and at the end their true natures are revealed. "Hypocrisy is, as you say, necessary to screen certain unpleasant realities," Ulrick's friend Mel informs him. "It is a pia fraus; painted veils. Painted lies." Easter is an innocent, small-town singer at the first gate of the novel; by the time she reaches the sixth gate







Easter, the heroine of *Painted Veils*, was based by Huneker on a number of opera prima donnas, including Olive Fremstad (top left), Sybil Sanderson (center right), and Mary Garden (bottom left).

she is a dazzling opera star who has become "Istar, the Great Singing Whore of Modern Babylon." She is completely immoral, has taken up lesbianism, and has seduced Dora, the prostitute. Ulrick's best friend, a priest, has also fallen victim to her; instead of being corrupted by a religious man—as she was by Brother Rainbow—she has become a seducer of the cloth.

Easter's activities have a debilitating effect on Ulrick though his troubles seem more complex than simple dissatisfaction with her. Ulrick never appears satisfied—or even very successful—in his relationships with women. "He had ardently longed for this meeting," Ulrick thought during an embrace with Mona, "and now he was acting like a cowardly eunuch." As her passions increased, he "resisted her tumultuous onset blushing like a virgin." He behaved no better with Dora when he "turned his head away as she repeatedly kissed him." Even with Easter: "he kissed her on the mouth, but the champagne odour was repugnant." Ulrick's unhappiness and dissatisfaction are closely linked to his sexuality, and he may have been suffering a form of impotence not unlike his creator's. "All is lacking, if sex is lacking," Ulrick had disclosed to Easter, "or if the moisture of the right man is lacking." The revelation that it was Roarin' Nell, not Easter, with whom he had coupled at the Holy Roller meeting horrified Ulrick, and he subsequently drank himself to death in Paris.

"As to my novel . . . it will shock you," Huneker wrote to William Crary Brownell, the urbane literary adviser to Scribner's, in a letter discussing the possibility of publishing the book with that firm. Charles Scribner had once told Huneker that he would tolerate anything Huneker chose to print, but obviously Scribner never expected a book "inscribed in all gratitude to the charming morganatic ladies, *les belles impures*, who make pleasanter this vale of tears for virile men. What shall it profit a woman if she saves her soul but loseth love?" The novel, in fact, was such a departure from his other work, which consisted largely of critical essays and studies of Chopin and Liszt, that Huneker had had the

foresight to send the manuscript to other publishers, not only to Mencken but also to Alfred Knopf and Horace Liveright.

Scribners did like the book, however, or at least Huneker hyperbolically reported that they had told him "not in this generation have they read fiction so original, brilliant, *human*, or so well composed and written!" And they offered to publish it, but only in an expurgated edition "for a purer public" than Huneker wanted to reach on the first go-round. "As to the bowdlerization, nothing is decided upon," Huneker told T. R. Smith, Boni and Liveright's editorial assistant. "The story can stand on its merits without the humorous elements; of obscenity, vulgarity or indecency, there is not a trace; only extreme frankness and the sex side dealt with as if by a medical expert. Might I say gynecologist."

Boni and Liveright accepted the book complete with the "omphalic trimmings." As Dreiser's publisher, this firm had already had experience with controversial books, but even they would not issue the book in a trade edition. Huneker nevertheless entered into negotiations with Horace Liveright with high expectations of success, and a signed, private printing was scheduled for October 1920 ("if the police, prompted by the Society for the prevention of cruelty to imbeciles, don't intervene"). "I should like you to see the publisher's contract," he appealed to John Quinn. "I need money and I'm going to get it." In a letter to Horace Liveright about that contract, Huneker tried to anticipate contingencies which might arise: "And please mention English edition; and my rights to translations, dramatic and movie rights. I'll interpolate this claim if it is not included. As to probable date of payments; $1000 when the book appears, balance of $800 as soon as possible. I'll sign 1200 sheets; I wish there were 1500."

There were no translations, no expurgated editions, no movies, no plays, not even any lawsuits. But that first printing, offered only by subscription, quickly sold out in a ten-dollar edition printed expressly for, according to Mencken, "the admittedly damned." Issuing it this way entailed few risks, and an expensive,

small printing had the additional virtue of appealing to collectors of pornography. While Mencken would not fall into that category, he was nevertheless one of the recipients. Pasted into his copy, now in the H. L. Mencken Room of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, is a card which reads: "To my old friend, the Attila of American criticism, and the salt of the earth generally, this book of senile scabrous morality is inscribed with the regards of James Huneker." Huneker also sent Mencken another card stating that the title should be changed to *Painted Tails*; he instructed Mencken to affix this to his copy as well, but apparently it was lost.

Had the book been more thoughtfully written—or perhaps only more slowly written—and skilfully developed, it might have won a less tentative place for itself in the annals of American literature. Huneker seemed well aware of the work's limitations when he wrote "No book, no matter what the length of its incubation, can be art, that is actually written in 7 weeks, less 2 days." Nevertheless, Harry Levin called *Painted Veils* the book which "ushered in the twenties," and the novel has been praised by others including Oscar Cargill who declared it an "*apologia pro vita sua*—one of the most remarkable ever written."

Painted Veils has also enjoyed short periods of popularity. In 1928, six years after Huneker's death, Horace Liveright successfully reissued it and in 1953 an Avon paperback edition is said to have had the astonishing sale of 200,000 copies. However, it did not have the *succès de scandale* Huneker might have anticipated after Mrs. N. P. Dawson used a superlative to describe it in the *New York Globe*: "There are disgusting scenes in *Painted Veils* that 'outstrip' anything that has ever been put in print before" (December 24, 1920). Nor did it gain the importance Columbia professor Vernon Loggins predicted in 1937 in *I Hear America*. In a discussion of three writers—Huneker, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Carl Van Vechten—Loggins wrote: "But of all the books of sophistication published in America during the twenties the one which now seems most likely to last is James Gibbons Huneker's *Painted Veils*."

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Abrahamsen gift. The distinguished psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Dr. David Abrahamsen has established a collection of his papers with the gift of nearly three hundred letters and manuscripts, many of which pertain to his writings and publications in the field of criminal pathology. Of special interest are the letters from, and the interviews with, members of the family of President Richard M. Nixon and his school and college friends which Dr. Abrahamsen received and collected at the time he was writing his *Nixon vs. Nixon: An Emotional Tragedy*, 1977. Dr. Abrahamsen's gift contains letters from numerous authors and public figures, including Samuel Hopkins Adams, Felix Frankfurter, Karl Menninger, Clare Boothe Luce, Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kinsey, Adlai Stevenson, Nathan Leopold and Otto Weininger. Of special interest are the 167 typed and handwritten letters sent by David Berkowitz to Dr. Abrahamsen from Attica Prison during 1979–1981.

Clifford gift. Mrs. Virginia Clifford has presented three items for inclusion in the collection of her husband, the late Professor James L. Clifford (A.M., 1932; Ph.D., 1941): a detailed Parisian dressmaker's bill made out to Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, dated October 5, 11 and 27, 1775; Mrs. Piozzi's copy of a devotional book *Quatre Dialogues*, Paris, 1684, inscribed on the front flyleaf, "Hester Lynch Salusbury/her book 24th May/1756"; and Professor Clifford's autograph journal kept while visiting England from October 1958 to April 1959, which is especially important for the records he kept of interviews with biographers about their craft, including conversations with Raymond Mortimer, Lord David Cecil, Elizabeth Jenkins, Sir Harold Nicolson and Edgar Johnson.

Coggeshall gift. Approximately five hundred letters and manu-

scripts have been added to the Frances Perkins Papers by her daughter Mrs. Susanna Coggeshall, among which are: drafts prepared by Perkins of a telegram sent by President Franklin Roosevelt to Joseph Stalin in April 1944 regarding Russia's participation in the International Labor Organization conference in Philadelphia; drafts of numerous speeches and testimonies, including that of her statement before the House Judiciary Committee during impeachment proceedings against her; memoranda and notes pertaining to the organization of the National Industrial Recovery Board in 1934; and papers relating to personal matters, such as finances, medical affairs, religion and friends.

Cohen gift. Mr. Herman Cohen has presented five splendid examplars of the printing done by Giovanni Mardersteig at the Officina Bodoni in Montagnola and Verona: Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, *The Poetical Works*, 1927; Pietro Toesca, *L'Ufiziolo Visconteo Landau-Finaly donato alla Città di Firenze*, 1951, illustrated with full-page reproductions of the manuscripts; Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Nymphs of Fiesole*, 1952, with woodcuts by Bartolommeo di Giovanni recut by Fritz Kredel; Felice Feliciano Veronese, *Alphabetum Romanum*, 1960, with hand-colored illustrations of the twenty-five letters reproduced from the manuscript in the Vatican Library; and *Songs from Shakespeare's Plays*, 1974, bound in green decorated cloth and quarter leather. Included with the latter are thirty pages of specimen sheets and a card from Mardersteig presenting the book to Mr. Cohen.

Danto gift. Professor Arthur Danto (A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1952) has donated two first editions important in the history of philosophy: Johann Gottlieb Fitche, *Die Bestimmung des Menschen*, Berlin, 1800, John Dewey's copy with his signature and the date March 1883 on the front free endpaper; and John Stuart Mill, *Autobiography*, London, 1873, in the original green cloth binding.

Dobbie gift. Mrs. Mary K. Dobbie has added to the rare book collection an important facsimile, *The Caedmon Manuscript of Anglo-Saxon Biblical Poetry Junius XI in the Bodleian Library*, published by the Oxford University Press in a limited edition in 1927 with an introduction by Sir Israel Gollancz.



The King and Queen of bells from a German set of playing cards, ca. 1440. (Fleming gift)

Fleming gift. The Libraries' collection of early printing has been considerably enriched through the gift by Mr. John F. Fleming of three fifteenth century printed editions and a collection of early playing cards. Dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the sixty-eight playing cards comprise portions of four separate sets of German and Italian woodcuts and a single woodcut, possibly French, the Knave of Swords, retouched with grey wash. The three incunabula in Mr. Fleming's gift are no less remarkable: Thomas à Kempis, *Imitatio Christi*, Venice, 1496/97; Innocentius VIII, *Bulla Canonizationis Sancti Leopoldi Marchionis*, Vienna, Johannes Cassis, 1484/85; and Isidorus Hispalensis, *Etymologiae*,

Paris, Georg Wolf and Thielman Kerver, 1499, the variant issue with the device of Jean Alexandre and Charles De Bougne on the title.

Gutmann, James, gift. Professor James Gutmann (A.B., 1918; A.M., 1919; Ph.D., 1936) has presented a group of eighty letters which he has received from Columbia associates during the past half century. Included among their number are long and important letters from Irwin Edman, Jacques Barzun, Robert L. Carey, Horace L. Friess, John H. Randall, Jr., Mark Van Doren, Felix Adler, Wendell T. Bush, Frederick J. E. Woodbridge and S. N. Behrman.

Gutmann, Ruth, gift. In 1977 Mrs. Ruth Adler Friess Gutmann established collections of papers of her late father, Dr. Felix Adler (A.B., 1870; D.Litt., 1929), and her late husband, Professor Horace Friess (A.B., 1918; Ph.D., 1926). She has now made substantial additions to these collections in a recent gift of approximately two thousand letters and papers relating to Dr. Adler and the Adler family, three thousand letters and manuscripts of Professor Friess pertaining primarily to his biographical researches on Dr. Adler, and more than five hundred letters and documents of her maternal ancestors, the Goldmark family.

Halsband gift. Professor Robert Halsband (A.M., 1936), who has in the past enriched our collections through his gifts of eighteenth century paintings, has recently presented an oil portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, ca. 1715. The portrait, formerly in the collection of a descendent of Lady Mary's, the Earl of Wharncliffe, measures 29 by 24 inches, and shows the sitter in half-length. In his notes accompanying the portrait Professor Halsband mentioned another similar Kneller portrait of Lady Mary in three-quarters length, which is now in the collection of the Marquess of Bute, another descendent. We plan to hang the portrait presented by Professor Halsband in the

Donors Room in the new quarters of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library.



Lady Mary Wortley Montagu painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, ca. 1715. (Halsband gift)

Klingon gift. Dr. Gerald H. Klingon (A.B., 1942) has presented an important work of Americana, *Nouvelle Découverte*, Utrecht, 1697, written by Louis Hennepin, Franciscan friar and explorer in North America. This volume and Hennepin's *Nouveau Voy-*

age deal with his travels in North America in which he claimed to have discovered the Mississippi River and to have sailed down to its mouth. The copy donated by Dr. Klingon includes the handsome engraved frontispiece.

Kraus gift. Mr. and Mrs. T. Peter Kraus have presented seven original drawings in ink and gouache done by Henri Rivière as illustrations for the children's book by Achille Melandri, *Les Farfadets: Conte Breton*, published in Paris by A. Quantin in 1886. These dramatic drawings, showing the influence of Japanese art, represent the earliest book illustrations done by the artist who was later known for his painting, engraving and theatrical design. Included in the Kraus's gift are the drawings for the front cover and those in the published volume entitled: "Et quand au soleil couchant les filles s'en allaient rêver par les bruyères"; "De petits gnomes bruns"; "Un grand papillon de nuit"; "La pâtre doubla le pas"; "La reine Miranda qui se baignait dans l'étang bleu"; and "Un tas de loqueteux qui cheminent." The drawings are enclosed in a silk folding case with a copy of the published book.

Lehmann family gift. Dr. Shirley Lehmann Spohr and Dr. William Leonard Lehmann, have established a collection of the papers of their father, the late Professor William Christian Lehmann (Ph.D., 1930), with an initial gift of 125 books and approximately one hundred pamphlets and periodicals. Professor Lehmann made specific studies of the Scottish social philosophers, Adam Ferguson, Lord Kames and John Millar, and the books in the gift reflect these research interests. There are several significant items relating to John Millar, student of Adam Smith and one of the most important figures in the Scottish Enlightenment, including: three volumes of handwritten notes of Millar's lectures on Roman law and jurisprudence at Glasgow University in 1787, kept by his son James; Professor Lehmann's copy of Millar's *The Origin of the Distinction of Ranks*, London, 1781, containing his notations and emendations relating to his reprint of the work; and Millar's own

copy of Adam Ferguson's *An essay on the History of Civil Society*, London, 1732. There are also copies of Professor Lehmann's books and periodical articles.

Loebl and Schreyer gift. Mrs. Greta Loebl and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie J. Schreyer have established a collection of the art work of Tibor Gergely with their gifts of 2,824 watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings and sketches covering the artist's career from the early 1930s until his death in 1978. The Hungarian-born painter and illustrator, who came to New York in 1939, is best known for his work on the popular Golden Book series for children. The gift includes the illustrations for fifty books by various authors, beginning with Georges Duplaix's *Topsy Turvy Circus* published in 1940; illustrations for the Golden Books, among which are Gertrude Crampton's *Scuffy the Tugboat* and *Tootles the Train*; and illustrations for nineteen books written by Gergely, most notably *Busy Day, Busy People* and *500 Animals from A to Z*. Every aspect of Gergely's career is represented, including advertising and commercial art of the 1940s, political cartoons and caricatures done in Europe and the United States in the 1930s and 1940s, and magazine illustrations, most important among which are the eighteen watercolor drawings for covers for *The New Yorker*.

Myers gift. Winifred A. Myers Autographs, Ltd., London, through its directors, Miss Winifred A. Myers and Mrs. Ruth Shepherd, has donated an autographed cabinet photograph of Rider Haggard's elder brother, Andrew Charles Parker Haggard, who distinguished himself as a novelist, historical writer and army officer.

Oyens gift. Mr. Felix de Marez Oyens has donated the first Dutch edition of Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, published in Utrecht in 1945 under the title, *Voor Wie de Klok Luidt*.

Palmer gift. A collection of first and rare editions in literature, biography and art has been presented by Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S.,

1950; A.M., 1955). Included among the nearly 250 volumes in the gift are copies autographed or inscribed by Louis Auchincloss, Vincent Price, Louis Nizer, Ned Rorem and Michael Arlen. The work by Arlen, *These Charming People*, 1924, is inscribed to the silent film star Rod La Rocque, and the novel by Auchincloss, *A World of Profit*, 1968, is signed on the flyleaf.

Ray gift. Mr. Gordon N. Ray (LL.D., 1969) has presented seven rare editions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of which six are notable for the importance of their illustrations: William Brockedon, *Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations to the Life and Work of Lord Byron*, 1833, with engravings by Edward and William Finden after Clarkson Stanfield and others; William Combe, *The History of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's Westminster, Its Antiquities and Monuments*, 1812, one of the great aquatint works printed for R. Ackermann; Samuel Rogers, *Italy* and *Poems*, 1838, illustrated with five early impressions of the engravings after J. M. W. Turner and Thomas Stothard; Sir Walter Scott, *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, 1826, illustrated with engravings after J. M. W. Turner and others; and Benjamin Winkles, *Architectural and Picturesque Illustrations of the Cathedral Churches of England and Wales*, 1836, illustrated with steel engravings, many after H. K. Browne. The seventh work donated by Mr. Ray is a fine tall copy of the first edition of Samuel Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language*, London, 1755, two folio volumes in full calf.

Reichl gift. The graphic design of the late Ernst Reichl, one of the country's most distinguished book designers, can now be studied in its totality, due to the recent generous gift by his widow, Mrs. Miriam Reichl, of more than one thousand volumes which he designed from the 1930s to the 1970s. Mrs. Reichl has presented those volumes owned by the designer himself in each of which he inserted his handwritten notes giving details on the binding and design and the problems he encountered. The books presented were

nearly all published in New York by Random House, Alfred A. Knopf, Vanguard Press, Simon and Schuster, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston; among them are the renowned Random House edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, 1933, and fifteen first editions of



A Scottish subject from the album of drawings by Isaac Greenwood, a nineteenth century New York doctor (Saffron gift).

Joyce Carol Oates's works published by the Vanguard Press. The gift also includes copies of Reichl's own writings, two early diaries and two scrapbooks.

Saffron gift. Dr. Morris H. Saffron (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1949; Ph.D., 1968) has donated four works by the English bibliographer Thomas Frognall Dibdin and the three "Doctor Syntax" books written by William Combe, illustrated by Thomas Rowlandson and published by R. Ackerman: *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, 1819; *The Second Tour . . . in Search of a Consolation*, *1820*; and *The Third Tour . . . in Search of a Wife*, 1821. Dr. Saffron also presented a suite of pencil drawings

by Dr. Isaac John Greenwood (A.B., 1853; A.M., 1857), one of which is of a Scottish scene, and twenty-four of which are detailed copies of illustrations to Virgil's *Aeneid* done by the Italian painter and etcher Bartolommeo Pinelli in the early nineteenth century.

Schaefler gift. The rare book and manuscript collections have been enriched through the generous gift by Dr. Sam Schaefler of the following: twelve inscribed or limited first editions by Paul Fort, Anatole France and Armand Salacron, including Fort's *Ferveur Française*, 1954, inscribed by the author with a manuscript poem to fellow novelist and poet Francis Carco; six manuscript documents pertaining to the French Revolution, the most important among which is the manuscript in the hand of the writer and political figure Camille Jordan of his address before the Academie Lyonnaise, ca. 1810, on the subject of the art of eloquence during the Revolution; three Persian scientific manuscripts, dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, relating to astronomy, mathematics and the astrolable written by Bahā' al-Dīn 'Amilī, Niẓām Bīrjandī and Naṣīr Ṭūsī; and a rare, early jest book, *Fragmenta Aulica; or, Court and State Jests in Noble Drollery*, printed in London in 1663.

Schapiro gift. Four rare editions of literary interest have been presented by University Professor Emeritus Meyer Schapiro (A.B., 1924; Ph.D., 1931; D.Litt., 1975), including: the November 1922 issue of *The Dial* containing the first printing of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"; Allen Ginsberg, *Documents on Police Bureaucracy's Conspiracy Against Human Rights of Opiate Addicts*, 1970?, mimeographed, signed and inscribed by the author; *Procès de Madame Lafarge*, 1840, in the original printed wrappers; and Richard Wagner, *Die Kunst und die Revolution*, Leipzig, 1849, published at the time the composer was involved in political agitations in Dresden and during which *Tannhäuser* was produced.

Steegmuller gift. Mr. Francis Steegmuller (A.B., 1927; A.M., 1928) has presented the sculpture by Louise Nevelson which he received as winner of the National Book Award in 1981 in Translation for his edition of *The Letters of Gustave Flaubert, 1830–1857.* The black wood sculpture was issued in a limited edition, and it will be added to Mr. Steegmuller's collection of papers and memorabilia which he has established in the Libraries.

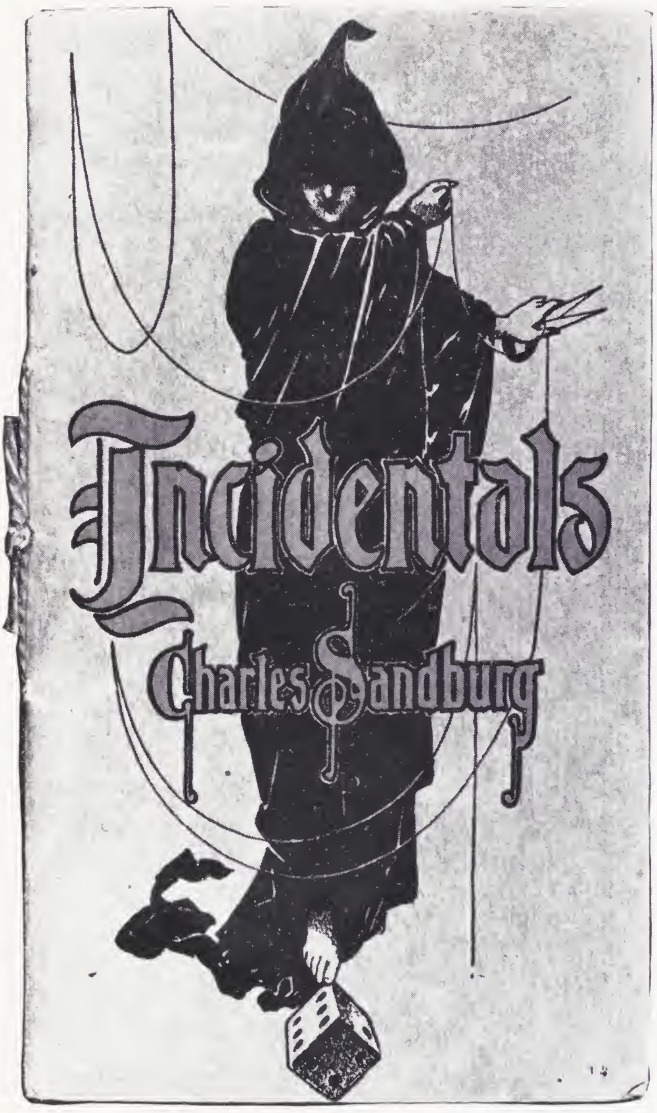
Woodring gift. Six literary editions have been donated by Professor and Mrs. Carl E. Woodring: Lucius Apuleius, *De Cupidinis et Psyches Amoribus*, one of 310 copies printed by Charles Ricketts at the Vale Press in 1901, with woodcut border and five woodcuts by Ricketts; *The Works of Thomas Chatterton*, London, 1803, three volumes, the first collected edition of the poet's writings, edited by Robert Southey and Joseph Cottle; *The Works of Thomas Gray*, London, 1825, two volumes; Joseph Spence, *Polymetis: or, An Enquiry Concerning the Agreement Between the Works of the Roman Poets, and the Remains of the Antient Artists*, London, 1774, the third edition; and two first editions by Theodore Spencer, *An Acre in the Seed*, 1949, and *An Act of Life*, 1944, the latter autographed by the poet on the title page.

Recent Notable Purchases

Berg Fund. The bequest of the library and print collection of the late Aaron W. Berg (A.B., 1924; LL.B., 1927), along with an endowment to acquire first editions in the fields of his collecting interests, was announced in the May 1980 issue of *Columns*. The first two books acquired on the Berg Fund are association copies: John Berryman's early collection of poems, *The Dispossessed*, 1948, inscribed by the poet to Allen and Caroline Tate; and Robert Lowell's second book of poems, *Lord Weary's Castle*, 1946, inscribed to a fellow poet, William Direski. Lowell has extensively revised the poem, "Colloquy in Black Rock," as well as correcting several other poems in the volume.

Engel Fund. An exceptionally fine copy of Bliss Carman's first book, *Low Tide on Grand-Pré*, has been acquired on the Solton and Julia Engel Fund. Because all but a few of this pirated edition were destroyed by fire, the pamphlet is among the rarest publications of poetry during the past century. The sixteen page pamphlet, in the original pink wrappers printed in purple and red, was issued in Toronto, ca, 1889–1890. Although Carman went on to publish extremely popular books of verse on the joys of travel and the outdoors, *Low Tide on Grand-Pré* remains among the most famous Canadian poems.

Friends Endowed Fund. Carl Sandburg's first two book publications, *In Reckless Ecstacy* and *Incidentals*, both published in 1904 by the Asgard Press in Galesburg, Illinois, have been acquired by means of the Friends Endowed Fund. The first of these, in the original brown wrappers, is inscribed by Sandburg: "Miss Vella Martin—This is 'a bum book'—& is to be passed only to those who have charity for the errors of youth and the follies of headlong enthusiasm. Could we only turn Time backward and unsay the unwise things we have said! And yet it must all be to the good—A little work, a little play/ To keep us going—and so good-day!



Carl Sandberg's rare second book publication is a collection of aphorisms and prose pieces with a cover design by Alton Packard. (Friends Endowed Fund)

C.A.S." Vella Martin, the recipient of this copy, and Sandburg were close friends while students at Lombard College in Galesburg. As scarce as Sandburg's first publication, *Incidentals*, a collection of aphorisms and brief prose pieces, has an attractive cover design by Alton Packard.

Mixer Fund. Among the several first editions acquired on the Charles W. Mixer Fund, the dedication copy of John Masefield's *Natalie Maisie and Pavilastukay: Two Tales in Verse*, published in 1942, is the most unusual. The book is inscribed by Masefield to his wife Constance on the dedication page "For Con from Jan." A rare item was also added to the Stephen Crane Collection: *Joseph Conrad on Stephen Crane*, Yseleta (Texas), 1932, one of thirty-one copies printed for the friends of Edwin B. Hill and Vincent Starrett. The four page pamphlet reproduces a letter from Conrad to Peter F. Somerville, then editor of *The Englishman*, in which he writes of his impressions of the American novelist.

Ulmann Fund. Fourteen modern press books have been acquired during the past year on the Albert Ulmann Fund, including productions of the Bird & Bull Press, the Stanbrook Abbey Press, the Janus Press, the Stamperia Ponte Pietra, the Twelvetrees Press and the Stamperia Valdonega, as well as volumes illustrated by Don Bachardy, Victor Hammer, Blair Hughes-Stanton and George Mackley. The most noteworthy among them is the handsome work written and illustrated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, *The Stanbrook Abbey Press: Ninety-Two Years of its History*, printed at the Press in Worcester, England, in 1970. The copy acquired on the Ulmann Fund is one of a special edition of fifty; the text volume is bound in full leather by George Percival of Leicester, and a second volume containing printing specimens is bound in quarter leather with Japanese paper covered boards.

Activities of the Friends

Bancroft Awards Dinner. The Friends sponsored the annual Bancroft Awards Dinner which was held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Thursday evening, April 1. Dr. Gordon N. Ray, Chairman of the Friends, presided. President Michael I. Sovern announced the winners of the 1982 awards for books published in 1981 which a jury deemed of exceptional merit and distinction in the fields of American history and diplomacy. Awards were presented for the following: Edward Countryman, *A People in Revolution: The American Revolution and Political Society in New York, 1760–1790*, published by the Johns Hopkins University Press; and Mary P. Ryan, *Cradle of the Middle Class: The Family in Oneida County, New York, 1790–1865*, published by the Cambridge University Press. The President presented to the author of each book a $4,000 award from funds provided by the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation; Dr. Ray presented citations to the publishers.

Future Meetings. Meetings of the Friends during 1982–83 have been scheduled for the following dates: Fall meeting, Thursday evening, November 4; Winter exhibition opening, Thursday afternoon, February 3; and Bancroft Awards Dinner, Thursday evening, April 7.

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